THE FALL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES

Works of Old Acquaintances and of New A few figures taken from the catalogues of the autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design will show that the works in the galleries have in great part been contributed by artists who are not on the Academy's list of membership. Including seven works of sculpture, for which, it may be said in passing, no word of praise can be given, not even by stretching a point for amiability's sake, there are 340 works in the exhibition. Only twenty-three of the eighty-eight Academicians and sixteen of the thirty-nine associates send pictures. These thirty-nine men are represented by seventytwo works, so that very nearly four-fifths of the exhibition is made by outsiders. The conclusion must be that many of the Acadsmicians and associates are indifferent to the showing made by their institution in the autumn, for no such disproportion can be noted at the spring exhibitions. It would seem, under such conditions and the apathy here mentioned has prevailed in other years as well as this-that the painters who are prone to complain of hard-hearted juries would be eager to take advantage of the free space in the Acadsmy's galleries. That they have not done so, that a comparatively small number of works was sent in this year, and that they were not of high average quality, are facts which may be explained by one of two suppositions: Either the artists are doubtful of the advantage of exalbiting at this season of the year, or they are sending their pictures elsewhere. It is probable that the catalogues of the exhibitions at Chisago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Philadelphia would furnish pieces d conviction in arriving at a judgment. In addition to works sibilited last spring in New York, many new pictures painted during the summer have been or will be sent to out-of-town shows. Prizes, medals, and purchasing funds seem to be potent attractions. Shall we then have to stir ourselves to see that our pictures are not taken from us by more enterprising cities? It will be a pretty piece of business if New York. where almost all of the American artists of ability who live in the United States reside, becomes the centre for foreign art and the "country towns" become the capitals of the native school. The American artists abroad already look upon the question as being settled in this way, and the dealers who exploit the work of European artists have their places of business in New York and in New York alone. There is food for thought in the situation for the officers of the Academy and of the Society American Artists. It is no use to anathematize the public because beguiled by dealers. Mr. W. Day Streetor is one of the newcomer who in the present exhibition contribute can-

vases of interest and value. His small picture In the south gallery, called "Study," No. 230, is soundly painted. It shows a figure of a woman elad in white drapery fashloned to classic folds. The bench on which she is scated is covered with a black cloth with a Greek border of yellow, and a lighter tint of yellow appears in bands at the neck and waist and in her hair. The design is simple but extremely effective, and the general effect is one of completeness. It is a modest attempt, but everything is well done. While the drawing is correct and sympathetic, the chief charm of the picture lies in the soberly devised scheme of color. A portrait, No. 177, by George Hughes, which ought to be on the line, and another portrait by the same artist, No. 10, show artistic breadth and give promise of still better work. Both pictures are of mali size. The first represents a lady in a gown of yellow and white and is light in aspect; the second is dark and quiet. Good student work, less complete than in the canvases just mentioned, is shown in "Svensk Flicka," No. 127, by J. Harmon Moore, and " Portrait of Miss C.," No. 233, by W. R. Leigh, is excellent in intention. It is a large canvas, depicting a young girl in white seated near the trunk of a tree, and the wood which forms the landscape setting is carefully and not untruthfully renflered. But while Mr. Leigh's drawing is good enough to pass muster, and so plainly honest as to call for praise, his color is quite without va-riety. The values in the picture are carefully studied, but it is unpleasing on account of its seidness of tone. At the head of the in the corridor on either side of the door leading to the north gallery are "Fisher Girls at Étaples," No. 9, by Frank T. Hutchens, and "Preparing the Soup," No. 58, by Wallace Bryant. The artists' names are new and the pictures, the one an outdoor and the other an interior effect, are fairly good speci mens of the sort of Salon picture with which young painters make their debut in Paris. There are good qualities in both canvases. Each of the painters gives evidence of having studied the problem of picture making and each of the each one. pictures shows successful treatment over and above what is required in painting simple studies from nature. At the other end of the corridor a "Decorative Panel," No. 40, by George Burroughs Torrey, and "The Little Shepherdess," No. 33, by Sol, Kann, exhibit the same sort of endeavor. Torrey's nude flyure is not very pleasing type and not very happy in color, but it is a serious effort and worthy of consideration. A portrait in the north gallery, No. 83, by the same artist, is better in color and more complete. Mr. Kann's large picture is almost good enough to be quite good. If he had been content to take a much smaller canvas for his subject, and he would have fitted size more appropriately to its character if he had done so. probably he would have made his sheep less wooden and his landscape more atmospheric. The work as it is shows earnest purpose and achievement quite worthy of note. A nice bit of color is given in the small picture, "La Soupe," No. 74, by Eanger J. Couse, where a girl with a pink skirt stands before open hearth, but the picture is somewhat papery. A large canvas with nude figures in sunlight, "Boys Bathing." No. 98, by Alexander Grinager, deserves mention for courage in attacking a difficult theme and praise fo no little knowledge. A landscape called "Early Evening-Winter," No. 110, by John Nobl Barlow, shows rather competent treatment, but is lacking in personality and character. An un compromising portrait of a lady, No. 155, by Anna Milo Upiohn; a very good animal picture, Inquisitive." No. 260, by Francis Wheaton, showing a shepherd's dog and lambs; and two genre subjects, "An Old Beau," No. 130, and 'A Singing Lesson," No. 176, by C. E. Proctor. are other things among those exhibited by artists whose names are unfamiliar that may be included in a list of what is best by the newcomers. To offset them, how ever, are such pictures as the meretricious "Coquette." No. 175, by W. H. McEntee: the care less and exaggerated "A Reckless Rider," No. 41, by Gean Smith, and a considerable number of small ventures, which by reason of the limited

which is spirited, fresh, and if rether thin in its quality of color, not without positive truth in he treatment of the water and rocks.

Mr. Bridgman, an Academician who lives to Paris, shows his interest in the exhibition by sending two pictures. The larger and more im portant of the two, "Sflence of the Evening, Kasbah, Algiers," No. 211, is hung in the South Gallery, and at first glance looks like a bad picture. But closer examination reveals com-petent drawing and a color scheme of considerable delicacy very successfully carried out. The weak look of the picture is due to injudicious hanging, by which other canvasses quite out of harmony with it affect it injuriously. If it were seen by itself it would gain a hundred fold. It is only one of numerous instances where the hanging has been badly done. In this respect the North Gallery is much more satisfactory than any of the other rooms. Mr. Beckwith shows his interest by exhibiting an excellent portrait. The head of the little girl who is dressed in blue and holds a tennis racket in her hands before her is luminous and attractive. If the hands were as cool in color as the head there would be nothing to find fault with. The general aspect of the portrait is sympathetic and at the same time hardy and frank. "A Roman Woman," No. 187, by Francis C. Jones, cleverly painted and subtle in drawing; "The Brook," No. 194, by H. Bolton Jones, a landscape showing intimate knowledge of construction in nature; "Golden October." No. 140, by Arthur Parton, striking in composition and rich in color; "Bayarian Tyrol," No. 203, by James M. Hart; "Looking Ahead," No. 202, by J. G. Brown, and "The Faralioni-Capri," No. 268, by William Stanley Haseltine are pictures by Academicians which are representative. Among the associaties Mr. Curran with two excellent small canvases, "In the Hay Loft," No. 243 and "Feeding the Swans, Central Park," No. 273 Mr. Dolph with characteristic studies of kittens at play, Nos. 227, 207, and 113; Mr. Wiles with a delightful little canvas no bigger than a postal card, "The Captive," No. 139, and a head of a girl, No. 120, not at all equal to his best work; Mr. Howe with cattle and landscape;

FREAKS AND FRILLS OF FASHION.

are conspicuous exhibitors.

Mr. Mosler with a small portrait, and Mr. Gay

with a large, strongly handled view of a wheat

field in harvest time, "Mother Earth," No. 305,

Buttons of elittering imitation jewels are reigning favorites for dress decoration, and while their beauty pales a little beside the real gems they are wonderfully brilliant and very ambitious as to price. Rhinestones, beautifully cut, encircle sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and amethysts so perfect in color that the effect is all that can be desired. White enamel decorated with pretty painted faces and edged with pearls and brilliants are exquisitely pretty, and olored enamelled buttons set round with turquoise is another variety. Porcelain buttons are painted with Watteau figures, and some of these little miniature circles cost as high as \$4 apiece, There are Dresden buttons and Delft buttons with antique silver frames, and all sorts of mosaic buttons and other combinations of silver and rhinestones, steel and enamel, with every conceivable kind in jet. Brazilian beetles set round with jewels are one of the atest novelties, and real stortoise shell buttons secorated with gold are extremely pretty.

"Electric seal," which is simply rabbit skin dressed to resemble the genuine seal as nearly is possible, is one of the popular chesp furs this season, and the French tame rabbit is said this season, and the French tame rabbit is said to have the best fur. The skins are first dressed to make them soft and pilable, then passed through a machine which trims down the coarser hairs and gives the fur gloss in the combing process. The dyeing is skilfully done by experts to give the same shading from light to dark brown which we find in the scal, and all the superfluous hairs are plucked out by electricity. In color and warmth there is very little choice between the real scal and this clever imitation.

Red in all its varying shades, from bright scarlet to a deep rich tint is the leading color for children's gowns, cloaks, and hats this season, and white braid, lace, and white pipings of satin or cloth are the usual trimmings. Irish crochet lace is also very much worn, and pretty sets with collar and cuffs to match are the only decoration needed on the little velvet costumes. The use of Irish lace is not confined to children's garments, however, for little boleros are made garments, however, for little boleros are had of it for the grown-up gowns. It is put into a bath of coffee to give it the cream tint so much more becoming than the pure white, and the effect is very pretty.

The fashion for trimmed skirts seems to be gaining favor very repidly, and the dressmakers assure you with great confidence that they have come to stay. One of Worth's latest gems in cloth is trimmed round the skirt to the knee with two-inch bias bands of velvet in a contrasting color, and an inch and a half space between one. Other skirts are trimmed downward in the top to the knee, with rows of braid elvet set around so that they are a little ower in front than at the back. For those who are not tall enough to bear this mode of decora-tion the bands are put in the seams from the waist haif way down or up from the betom, and a pretty effect is made with braid in two widths, the wider in the centre, making three rows on each seam, finished with a long trefoil

Zouaves and boleros of every kind and shape are still a conspicuous part of the bodices, but the handkerchief zouave is perhaps the most unusual style. The material is graped in the desired form in some indescribable manner give the soft, full effect, and Persian silk especially pretty for this purpose, and m form butterfly puffs at the top of the sleeves.

Lace appliqué is one of the popular and rather expensive dress decorations since it must be aranged to suit each gown. It is sewn on net with a gold thread all around the edge of the design for full vests and boleros with a silk foundation, and bands of satin and velvet for various modes of trianning. One pretty gown of brown taffeta, patterned with blue, has the soft net vest, and a blue slik bolerocovered with this lace and gold thread embroidery and finished on the edge with a frill of narrow lace. The coliar hand is of plain blue, spangled with gold and a lace frill at the back.

A Medici cultar cut into squares and stiffened. so that they can be turned down at will, is a leature of the new cloth capes, and some of them are made more becoming and dressy by an haide frill of lace set in deep enough to cover

Satis, serge, and tweed knickerbockers, made with a removable flancel thing, are a good substitute for the short flancel skirt, and are worn with street costumes in cold weather.

The fashionable woman wears jewels galore his season, not alone with evening dress, but with day gowns as well. Gorgeous neckinces and brooches of diamonds, pearls, and other gems are a feature of dress at the opera, and bracelets are coming into favor again, the newest ones being a gold chain in different degrees of fineness, set at intervals with jewels. grees of fineness, set at intervals with jewels. Opals, divided by white sapphires set in a fine linked chain, make a lovely one. The long chains, to which a watch, muff, or pair of formettes is attached are all set at intervals with jewels of various kinds, and fancy brooches are bewildering in heauty and variety. French women twist chains of diamonds in their hair for evening dress, and diamond clasps fasten the bows and aigrettes, which stand up so pertly at the back of their heads.

WOMAN'S CHARMING AGE.

GOOD WORDS FOR HER AT SIXTEEN AND AT BIXTY.

Toung Men and Middle-Aged Men Give Their Views-When Is Woman Matured in Body and Mindt-Advantages of Girl-

hood and of Pull, Cultivated Womanhood It was certainly a strange subject for them o fall on. Every man of them was past middle life except two, and they had been allowed to join the mystic circle of seven as a great favor. One of these two was very young, being just out of college. It was his trial heat in business. The other man was a Vale man of '88, was about thirty, and had reen a good deal of the world. The sights hadn't sapped his boyish joyousness, however, and after all he was very young, too. The seven always lunched together, and on this particular day they lingered even longer than usual over their coffee and cigars. It was because the next day was Thanksgiving, and a holiday is about as de-moralizing to the oldest fellow on 'Change as It is to the average schoolboy.
"Society isn't what it used to be," said a

handsome, robust man of sixty as he twisted his white mustache. "A woman is never admitted to be an old woman in New York society now. Why, thirty years ago-I'd been narried ten years then, mind you -a girl was a girl, and a woman a matron; the line of demarkation was as rigidly drawn as that between the old woman and the new woman to-day. Then twenty-three or twenty-four was considered an advanced age at which to become engaged, and the woman who had reached the age of thirty and was still unmarried was thought of and spoken of as an old maid, and through sheer force of circumstances became very old maidish in her ways. Agirl of twenty was onsidered a full-grown woman. Te-day she is looked upon as a mere chit, and a woman of thirty is not yet in her prime. The fact that a woman is gray before she is engaged is a fact not even commented upon, it so frequently is the case. This is decidedly a change for the better. It was the essence of cruelty to expect a woman of thirty or forty to be cheerfully laid away on the shelf. Such a thing wouldn't

woman of about thirty last year at the junior

woman of about thirty last year at the junior promenade—
"That'll do," interrupted the confirmed old bachelor of the party, as he made several dives at the feet of the others with his own. "You know we settled the other day that we weren't roing to hear any more about your junior promenade last year. Besides, boy, how do you know when a weman is at a fastmating age and when she isn't? Every young fellow has to go through the stage of falling in love with sense woman years older than himself. That's the reason you do not care for women under thirty. As for me give me a girl from sixteen to eighteen. She is spontaneous in her actions and this preclose shealth you were being wicked. She doesn't need reform ever being wicked. She doesn't need reform ever being wicked. She doesn't need reform ever being worked. She has nothing to conceal. I know not what philosopher has add, 'Old women are never lacking,' but he spoke the unvarished truth. They are never lacking in society, and one gets very tired of anything that ohe has too much of. It's the style to consider a woman of thirty young, I

plenty of tact, and a really kind heart, sie begins to be fascinating, even if she is unity as sin. Then she is more interested in you than she is in herself, or she has the good sense to make it look that way, and she pretends that she'd rather hear you talk than talk herself. She doesn't grow hysterical over mountains, much less mole hills, and her manner is amishle, even if she is mad enough to pound you into minee meat. She studies to please you in small things: in other words, she expers to your small things: in other words, she expers to your small things: in other words, she expers to your small idioxyncrasles, and that's a winner. We can forgive a man for differing with us in a matter of much importance, but in the little things of life, never. What girl under twenty-five is going to take the trouble to please you? None. They are all too busy pleasing themselves up to that age. And the beautiful thing about the woman of thirty, the most enchanting, tewirching thing about her is that all the time she makes you think that she is pleasing you. I'll be darned if she isn't pleasing herself to a T. You know it when you get alone by yourself, and kick yourself for being the victim of her genius, but the minute you are at her side again you forget it."

"Bully for you." shouted the oldest man. "Now you dought to know how it is, herause you go out more than any o'us, and it's natural for you to think that a woman at the nage of thirty.

Now you ought to know how it is, because you go out more than any of us, and it's natural for you to think that a woman at the age of thirty is most fascinating because that's good form, but for my part give me a woman of fifty. Look at the women with world-wide reputations, who have captured and held the manly heart long after she has passed that are. Helen of froy closed at forty. Cleopatra first won the ove of Antony at the age of thirty, but her harm of mind and manner and flyire did not reach their ascendency until ten years after that time. Then there is Ninon de l'Encles, who is described as being marvellously heavillal at seventy-three, and Anna of Austria.

or too thin when they attain two-score years? And a woman cannot be at her best, she cannet be thoroughly or entirely fascinating when pounds of firsh, either too many or too few, take away from her charm. I'll allow that many of the plainest-featured women are the most enchanting, but they begin to lose ground after they pass thirty. I once asked a distinguished lady-killer in Paris at what are a woman was considered most fascinating by the Beau Brummels of the world, and he answered. 'Thirty, 'This is not only true of French women,' he added, 'but also holds good of the women in English, Italian, Spanish, and American society,' and he knew, for he's tried a hand with 'em all.'

"That thirties have it." sang out the Yale man of '88, and he arose from the table and lighted a cigarette.

"That's what the majority seems to think," said the two old men, good-naturedly.

"Wall till the young idiets get to my age." remarked the confirmed old bachelor, in a half cavage, half good-humbred voice, "and then they'll see how their hearts will warm to the fascinations of the skreeners. Thirty, Indeed. Humphi" he granted, as all rushed out.

WOMEN LIONIZE A PRISONER.

Wild with Joy When the Man Accused of Killing a Girl Was Set Free,

From the Minneapolts Tribuna Optumwa, Ia., Nov. 23.-On the evening of May 12 last Mamie Peterson, a nineteen-yearold girl, known as the belle of the country town of Unionville, in Appanoose county, was shot down in cold blood while returning with a young man from a party. At Bloomfield this week, after listening for two weeks to the recital of strong circumstantial evidence against the only person who, it seemed, could have had a motive for such a crime, a jury found this man not guilty, and the announcement of the verdict was followed by scenes of demonstrative joy or the part of the people of Bloomfield, including hundreds of women.

The killing of Mamie Peterson is, in many re-

spects, with the trial which followed it, the most peculiar murder case ever known in this part of the country. Ned Hemphill, who was arrested and tried for the crime, was purported to be a jealous lover of the pretty girl, and the motive for the crime, as argued by the State, was his anger at the cirl's keeping company with another individual on the night of her death. She was known as somewhat of a coquette, and had many admirers among the

the batter. It was the essence of creetly to expect to a woman of thirty or forty to be cheerfully haid away on the shelf. Such a thing woundn't be tolerated for an instant in these days. We are more reasonable, more humans. Why, a woman of fifty is young to me new."

"Gad!" exclaimed[the youth fresh from college, "sie isn't to me."

"It's altogether owing to one's viewpoint, old char," said the other young fellow, party tyone quite mature now. Just wait till you get my age." The old fellows smiled.

"And rill this talk about woman's age leads to a very old but an always interesting question," put in a joily man of at least fifty, who did not look his age by ten years.

"Lay fit on the table." blurted out the man next to him.

"At what age is a woman most fascinating?" he 'erked out, with emphasis on the verb. "Shiteen," yelled one. "Twenty," another. "Thirty," chorded three, while the sixth shouten "Porty," and the seventh and oldest man, beating on the table with his first for silerce.

"That's a go," consented the half dozen, "What age has most charms for you, kid?" asked one, addressing the youngster. 2

"Thirty," he answered, without hesitation. "Give me a woman of at least thirty. School girls don't interest me a minute. Thomas Carlyle says semething about putting beys under barrels and keeping them there until they are twenty-five. I guess the old chap didn't know much about girls, or he would have included them, too. Really, a woman has no interest for me whatever under that age, Mind and body are undeveloped, and her character unformed. She thinks of nothing but hereself, her looks, and hor beaux; of dances, dinners, afternoon teas, and thoatre parties, Great bore, those things, to me. Now, I met a woman of about thirty last year at the junior promonade."

hypotic induence of Hemphill's. They eternally talked of him and settled down to a conclusion that he was an injured innocent. The fever spread. Soon men were unable to keep their wives out of the court room, and household duties were neglected, while wives and mothers and daughters were engaged in making a hero of a young man on trial.

The first recognition the court gave of this rapidly increasing influence in the case was when one morning he refused to allow a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums, brought to the court room by a beyy of women, to be presented to the prisener. The women grew indignant, and the Judge only succeeded in making the influence more deeply feit. Woman's wit was too much for the sazacity of the Court, and the flower beds of Bloomfield were robbed by the women and the posles sent to Hemphill in his cell, accompanied by other presents of fruits and dainty table delicacles. Judge Elchelberger ordered a more evere watchfulness over the jury. The members were escorted at all times by a number of building, who are with them, slept with them in the large room at the hotel, and absolutely allowed no communication with the world verbally, though crowds followed the Jury as well as the prisoner to and from the court room.

shoke the unvariable truth. They are never lacking in society, and one gets very tired of any time that one has the much of. It's the style to consider a waman of thirty young. I style to consider a waman of thirty young. I see reckend is not, all the same. Age can't be reckend is not, all the same. Age can't be reckend in the style to consider a waman of thirty young in the reckend in the same age of the same

A Suggestion of a Novel Trap Effect of Plane Playing on Redents. Truth of London suggests that as mice like

nusic there is an independent fortune awaiting the man who will invent a small music box which when wound will run all night, since lies and exagerated. A fleckless filler. No. 61, by Gens subth, and accounterable number claim, in which, a with, and, or pair of the claim, or the claim of the complex subth, and considerable number claims to which, a with, and, or pair of the claim of the complex subth, and considerable number claims of the complex subth, and considerable number claims for each of the complex subth, and considerable number claims for each subth is considerable number of the complex subth in the considerable number of the complex subth is considerable number of the complex subth in the considerable number of the considerable number of the complex subth in the considerable number of the considerable number of the complex subth in the considerable number of the considerable number of the considerable numb such a contrivance would serve to call mice into traps and would be to the mice what a decoy is

WINNIE, THE NEWSGIRL.

SHE READS SHAKESPEARS AND THE BIBLE AND HAS IDEAS.

dren and Her Sister, Sadle-The Texts She Writes on the Newspapers She Sells-Opinions on Religion and Politics. "What can I do to please the people; what can I do to please the people?" sang Winnie Horn as a Sun reporter scrambled up the dark tairway leading to the home of the Horns at 140 West Twenty-eighth street on Thanksgiving morning. Everybody knows Winnie, She is the most famous newsgirl in town at pres-ent. Those who have never seen her as she stands at the foot of the elevated railroad stairs on the northeast corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, with a huge bundle of afternoon newspapers under her arm, have probably seen a pretty good imitation of her in some of the theatres, for several variety

actresses have made up a ter her. When Mrs. Horn opened the door to admit the visitor, Winnie was evidently doing her best to please a good many people. She was perched up on a table with a pretty tortoise shell cat in each hand. Six little sisters and brothers crowded around her while they gazed at her as if they could eather up for very love of her.

"What can I do to please the people?" she sang out again, but at the same time with



half mournful intenations. Then she cried out suddenly: "Now, do you little Horns want to see the cats box?"

A shout of joy greeted this, and she went on: Very well. Sail into him. Topsy. Sick the sassy thing. He's a sassy cat, and you are a honey pet." The cats gave evidence of careful training,

or they boxed and spit at each other, and their eyes. snapped fire. I watched the pogilistic out with intense interest. "Thunder an' lightnin'," Winnie exclaimed, jumping from the table and dropping both cats

as she saw for the first time that a stranger had entered the room. " 'Scuse our racket.' she said apologetically. "but it's Thanksgivin', you know, an' we've got so much to be thankful for if we ain't got no turke; for dinner." She stopped to quell a small insurrection that had sprung up among the young Horns, and the

visitor looked around to see shat Winnie had to be thankful for in a material way. Two rooms were in full view. One was the kitchen. for a cooking stove was there, and not much else. The other was the living room, for the mother and her eight children were in it. A table, three or four chairs, a bundle of bedding In one corner, and Winnie's trunk holding all of her wonderful millinery creations and her numerous face veils that aid so much in makwas in another. Time was all. The clouds were a heavy leaden grav, and shut the sun off, batthere was sunshine a pienty in those meanly

You see, it takes all my time and all my sister Sadie's, too, to earn enough to keep this fam-ly. I'm shy about talking, anyhow, if people Sadie? Don't you know her? She stands on the corner opposite mine and sells papers, and I love that girl till I could eat her up. She is a be-e-u-tiful talker. Oh, such language, and her hair is like night, and her teeth britliant, and those ruby lips! Not know Sadie.

Indeed! I'll call her in."
Before there was time for a protest, Winnie had darted through the little kitchen out of sight. The six little Horns took the opportunity of seizing her mirror during her absence, and began to beautify themselves. The youngest is a boy of six years, and they run up in steps from that age to sixteen, until they come to Sadie and Winnie, the newsgirle. They all, boys as well as girls, had their long hair done up in earl papers, and that is why they wanted the mirror. They wished to take heir curls out, and they did,



She Is Cyntent About Men but Adores Chil-

the romes. Yes, I'm sind to gets chance to size the women a shap.

"Telling papers, eavy one, with a hamptow are as the founces here arise to kweede steered. Look at that hat, will you'r says another, the come down. Discretced work for similar tried to be notice and popular, as they called in when they did men'n wax at the 60th of the men when they did men'n wax at the 60th of the men who by my man and personal tried to be notice and popular, as they called men when they did men'n wax at the 60th of the men who by my papers.

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to go on the stage, but we decline to be act resses. Sothern and Theresa Vaughn and al of them will have to do without us. Little of them will have to do without us. Little enough is earnt on papers, but we'd ruther make \$1 a night on papers than \$1,000 a night on the stage. I don't believe even in going to the theatre any more than I do in reading novels. I hale novels. They are only fables, and put bad notions into one's head, and so do theatres. We'll stick to being newsgirls till we marry."

"Have you any lovers?" asked the visitors.

"Sadle has admirers, lots of 'cm. my sister has," she replied, giving her a hus. "Sadie is the handsomest, and I am the wittlest."

"Not so," interrunted Sadie, with more emphasis than politeners.

"Tis so," retorted Winnie, with equal emphasis, and then, "Madam, the missus is interviewing me."

After this poser Sadie subsided, and Winnie.

phasis, and then, 'Madam, the missus is interviewing me.'

After this poser Sadie subsided, and Winnie went on: 'A baron from liaxter street wanted me to marry him, but I declined his offer. I don't have a man to visit me, and never did. Only the gentleman who wants to marry me can call at this house. A gentleman always does that. He asks the ather if he can pay his addresses to his daughter. I don't like men, I'm a cynic. I'm kind, though. Men often ask me to go out with 'em. The other night a dide came chasing himself up to me and snys, 'Winnie, come, go out and have a little supper with me, I've got lots of money to spend on you.'

little supper with me, I've got lots of money to spend on you."

"Keep your distance," says I. 'put your money in the bank, and when you get a wife give it to her. I don't want you to spend any of it on me. Ta-ta! and with that I ran away from him. I always tell the men who are forward with me to keep their distance. I'm a cynic about men. I don't love em one bit, but I do dearly love children and animals. The school children run after me and hug me and tall me their wax doil. Sometimes be-ea-u-tiool children run after me and hug me and hus their was doll. Sometimes be-eauthly dressed children kiss me before I know and their fine mammas jerk 'em away as sea two stloks. They needn't. I'm poor, but in poison and I am pure. So many child gathe, around me at times that my zensel customers say, 'Holding a Sunday schoolerston to night, Winnie?' The children call steet. Winnie, kind Winnie, dear Winders with the said dogs for blocks round know and eme, and, indeed, I love animals so I 't eat anything that has to be killed-meat fish or fowls. I'm a vegetarian for that son, and so is mamma: so I i in't so hard us not to be able to afford a turkey to-day, cruel to kill animais."

furnished rooms. .t was the best kind of sunshine, too, for it came from within, from the yeary depths of contented hearts.

"You want me to talk about myself," continued the little newsgirl, when peace was not more restored, "There isn't much to tell, you want me to talk about myself," continued the little newsgirl, when peace was not more restored. "There isn't much to tell, you want me to talk about myself," continued the little newsgirl, when peace was not make a little one-yed newsgirl rattled on about her form the little one-yed newsgirl rattled on about her form the little one-yed newsgirl rattled on about her form the little one-yed newsgirl rattled on about her little one-yed ne

pink and white complexion that has not been tourized with naint and powder, and a caprick us neuth whence smiles dart. She weights only ninety-five punds, and is very short, but her figure possess the lines of a woman, and yet she has not lost the graces of a child.

"Must you go?" she said. "Thank you for soming. I hone you we had a pleasant Thanksgiving. You've given us one, for we love visitors. Indeed, we've a great deal to be trankful for, we Horns have. True enough there's ten of us, and eight little mouths to fill and eight little bodies to clothe are a good many, but it desent take much to satisfy us, and then, somedow, missus, contentment and love are mighty filling and mighty warming, and we have both in plenty. I shan't sell papers to-day, because I'm going to take a day off and give every minute of it to making these little Horns happy. I'll read some of the nocitry and some of the stories I've written, and by and by we'll make the car's have another boxing match, and maybe the little chaps will forcet that there ain't any turkey and stuffing for dinner. Now, children, let's have a big romp, and the six chortled in give. "Ain't Winnie in the world?"

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Frequently leather chair covers or trimmings which have become dull and stained may be brightened and restored if treated with sweet oil to which a little vinegar has been added. Apply a little of the mixture at a time, and put it on with a soft cloth, afterward rubbing the leather with a finner.

A cooting and refreshing drink for a person suffering from a feverish cold may be made by dissolving a teastmonful of tart cranberry jelly in a glass of ice water.

A new silver novelty for the table is a nest for holding eggs cooked in their shell. The deep nest made of silver forms the dish. The outside of the nest is so made as to look like fine twigs and straws. It rests upon silver branches, which cross at the battom, and a little bird is standing upon the edge of the nest. Between the outside and the lining of the dish is a space which is to be filled with boiling water to keep the edge warm.

Success in cooking dried fruits depends largely upon little cooking and long soaking. Cover the fruit with cold water and let it stand a short fruit with cold water and let it stand a short time to soften any dirt that may adhere to it. Then wash the fruit, rubbing it carefully between the hatels. Thoroughly rines the fruit and cover it with belony of cold water, letting it soak twenty four hours. Then drain out the fruit and to the water and half a pound of sugar for each pound of dried fruit. When the sigar and water have cooked clear, but in the fruit, tasing care not to crowd it, and only cook it until it is just tender.

When making layer cake, if there is not time to lime the time with paper, the take is not so havy to stock if after the time are greated they are lightly dredged with flour.

One of the heat things for cleaning boys' hands is sand soan. It may be made at home, and so made is cheaper and better than any which can be purchased. Scrape or cut into nch can be purchased. Scrape or cut into mail pieces any pure soap and melt it. As soon the scap is melted take the dish from the scap stir into the mixture clean, dry sea nd that has been heated. Use meanly as much ad as you have soap. As soon as the unixture room cough to bandle roll it lote balls become a paints of the hands, and put the balls to a park, cool place to hardyn and dry.

A transferome, stubborn cough may be greatly relieved and oftentimes entirely cured by mix-ing a teaspoonful of ye flour in two-thirds of a gones of water, keeping the glass at hand and lawing a little of the liquid from time to time.

An effective place to put a growing plant is in An ensective mass to but a growing plant is in a half upon the newel post. The top of this nost merally put in with a wooden mg and is easily itsel off, seaving a flat surface. Have a large mere of brass or other metal fastened search to the post. Place inside of it a pol containing a pain or some plant that does not recurre much light. By giving t plenty of water it will last a long time and be very ornamental.

live on the fifth floor."

This shows how the serpent was received. Everybody recognized him for a serpent at the first glance, except perhaps the Bachelor (of Necessity). His imagination leaped into the future and pictured him presenting, to hitherto untender womankind, blue prints of himself taken in various forlors aspects of bachelor hood. However, he said nothing about this, and the general verdict on the amateur photographic serpent was barsh. The conditions made by the philosopher were quickly adopted by the Bachelor of Science and, perforce, agreed to by the Bachelor of Arts. Felina's wellknown characteristics made the expulsion of the serpent highly probable. Yet the would-be

'I can easily fix up the refrigerator closet for a dark room," he said, persuasively. "And I can put my negatives out of the bathroom window to print and can wash and tone them in the bathtub and the stationary washstand. I won't

interfere with anybody at all." But the philosopher remained firm. Your fate is in Felina's paws," he said. Well, I can photograph other things during the week of probation, can't 1?"

"I don't know whether you can, I doubt it But of course you are at liberty to try." "Well, then, let's make a flashlight picture

"Well, then, let's make a flashlight picture of the family this evening," joyfully suggested the Bachelor of Arts, and the Bachelor of Necessity said:

"Yes, yes."

When everything was ready, the philosopher insisted that he should be allowed to hold Felina. That was where the trouble began. The photographer demurred. He was sure that Felina would blink and that the likeness would be spoiled. The philosopher, however, assured him that it should not count against him, so Felina was admitted. She was much interested him that it should not count against him, so Felina was admitted. She was much interested him the preparations. She waiched the photographer as he carefully put some powder on a pie tin which the African princess, the eider, had brought. Whot everything was ready the photographer turned out the lights. Then he groped his way back to his paraphermalia.

It is very easy to steer a point or two off your course in the dark. Therefore it is not surprising that the photographer went a little bit agiey and stepped on the edge of the pie tin. The philosopher asserts that it was the lurid language in which the Bachelor of Arts fluduked at this point that ignited the powder, but this may be reasonably doubted. The probabilities seem to be that the photographer stepped on the match which he had laid heside the pow-

just as ready to his foot.

Pa! Wheh-sh-sh!

The match sputtered into a flame and then the Ps! When-sh-sh!
The match sputtered into a flame and then the powder shot up flashes all about the unhappy photographer. For one second a demen danced in an infernal light before the startled family, and then it was all black again. The ifachelor of Arts said things. The other bacelors laughed so hard that it was several minutes before they could strike matches and light the ras again. When this was done Felina was discovered under the sofa, her eyes giaring, her tail like a brush for lamp chimneys.

The royal princesses examined the burnt holes in the carpet and shook their heads. Then as the photographer grimly abnounced his determination to try again, they brought a piece of oileloth from the kitchen, and he stood on that. This time the Bachelor of Necessity volunteered to turn out the lights. The philosopher, meanwhile, had again loved Felina from beneath the sofa, who was emitting occasional subdued howls as she nervously drove her claws into his knees.

"All ready?" said the Bachelor of Arts.

"Let her no," said the Bachelor of Science.

"Feelina" remonstrated the publicacher.

"Just a moment!" said the Bachelor of Nacessity, as he adjusted his smoking jacket.

"Are you all right, Marthy?" inquired the Bachelor of Arts in the direction of the doorway where the princesses were stationed.

"Yals sir!"

"All right, then! Now remember, don't squint your eyes when the flash comes. Here

"All right, then! Now remember, don't squint your eyes when the flash comes. Here Scratch went the match. Flash went the powder. "Wow-ow-ow!" went the philosopher. And, if one may be pardoned the expression,

Soraton went the match. Flash went the powher. "Wow.ow-ow." went the philosopher. And, if one may be pardoned the expression, licking-solit went Felina.

Crash: In the direction of the book shelves. Bang! from the corner of the dictionary stand. Whack! from between the windows where the marble copy of the Kneeling Venus stands. And rip, Zib, tear! from the left window itself. "Sice's scaling the heights of your new curtains." said the Bachelor of Science out of the darkness, and the princesses ground.

"Why the devil doesn't somebody strike a light?" in agonized tones from the philosopher. The Bachelor (of Necessity) lighted the gas. Felina was clinging to the curtain pole at the top of the window, and it didn't need an Indian scoul to trace the course by which she had travelled. Station No. 1: three long, red was contepped to the book shelves. The Bachelor of Necessity) groaned when he saw it. It was a souvenir from the hand which his had come the hearest to winning. Station No. 3: the dictionary stand overthrown and the back of the book broken.

"Confound your old camera!" thundered the Bachelor of Science as he examined the volume. "Station No. 4: the Kneeling Venus, with that the offer nose broken off by an Algerian sword which Felina had knocked down from the wall. Station No. 5: felina herself at the summit of the precipitous lace curtains, which she had clawel into holes all the way up.

"Fo de Lawd's sake!" said the princesses in charries, as they observed the track up the new curtains.

"My blood he on your head!" said the philosopher. Grinly.

"My blood be on your head!" said the philos-

My blood be on your head!" said the philosopher, grimly.

The remark of the Bachelor of Science has aiready been recorded. As for the Bachelor of Necessity he uttered never a word. There are some sorrows too deep for words. But it was the Bachelor of Arts, the photographer himself, who relieved his feelings with the most force and brevity. When he had picked up the nose of the Kneeling Venus the statue which he had himself brought back to the household from his summer abroad) and had laken one look at the disfigured countenance of the goddess he said one sentence between his teet hand then he strode out of the room. What he said was this:

"Damn that cat."

Huntaman Cox's Great Luck.

From the Chicago India Fribane.

St. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 94.—H. Cox of Brookiye, Mich., with a company of friends, wentnorth to hunt deer. His friend-placed him back
of a runway and told him to account there on the lookout if he wanted deer. Cox ast there until tired
and then stepped back to the shelter of a bush.
As he did so a big tuck leaped over the hunt,
knocked the gun out of his lands, and discharged it. The charge struck the deer, and is
fell dead within a few feet of the hunter.